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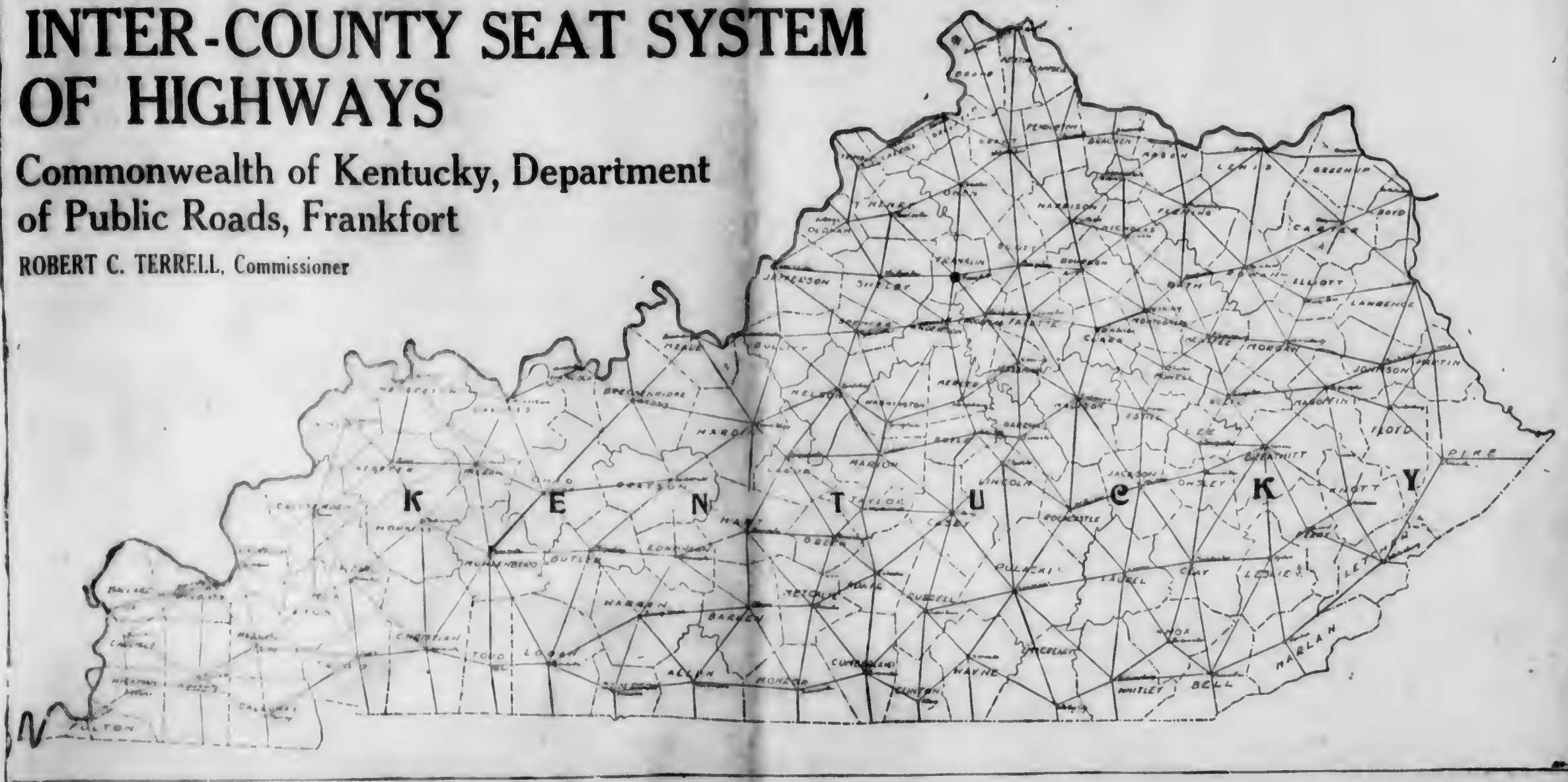
HICKMAN, KENTUCKY, THURSDAY, JANUARY 7, 1915

Number 29

INTER-COUNTY SEAT SYSTEM OF HIGHWAYS

Commonwealth of Kentucky, Department of Public Roads, Frankfort

ROBERT C. TERRELL, Commissioner



TRUCK-GROWING AND THE CABBAGE CROP.

The newly launched proposition of truck growing in the vicinity of Hickman seems to be gathering momentum as the days pass. Our farmers are profiting by their recent lesson of cotton and truck growing, which is now fresh in the minds of our readers to need comment. The lesson has been a dear one. Truck growing is now looked to with interest in growing interest, it is a wise caution from the old and its attendant disasters. So we will attempt to argue that truck and cotton are not mutually exclusive. The farmer in a large field of cotton. In fact, the cotton is easily ten to one in favor of truck. Those most enthusiastic in support of the new movement are men who have made a study of investigation of the results of truck growing. Even from the most and figures substantiate the fact that the most successful growers could be in fact and then show a better profit than has been realized on cotton, wheat or corn. So there is a good reason for truck growing.

Most of our farmers are organized all along that truck grown for city markets is profitable, but there was no cooperation movement to truck and cotton, it could not be justified except for local markets. The Young Men's Business League, appreciating the fact that truck is extensively grown as a winter crop.

When cotton was bringing its best prices, undertook at a most opportune time the job of interesting our farmers in this truck business. They were successful from the start in removing the obstacle which has hindered any forward movement in this line; namely, securing low freight rates and fast service, and bringing about pledged acreage sufficient to guarantee car load shipments. Transportation is one of the important items. Any thing less than car load lots would be a serious disadvantage, while the over plus can be handled on a carload basis. The only proposition has also been given attention and nothing remains to be done in the way of trucking and shipping.

It is now up to the farmer to do his stuff. As cabbage is the first item on the program we give below a few pointers—excerpts from the bulletin on cabbage culture that should be worth reading by those who are raising them. No reference is made to so long as the season is now far advanced to sow for market purposes.

Cabbage is one of the most successfully cultivated of our garden plants. Although it is one of the coarser vegetables, it has a place in the home garden as well as in the market garden and truck farm. In some sections of the United States cabbage is extensively grown as a winter crop.

Cabbage culture naturally falls under two heads: (1) The truck crop of the South and the early market garden crop of the North, both based on early maturing sorts, and (2) the autumn crop of the farm and gardens of the North, based on the more robust growing varieties claimed as late cabbage.

Early cabbage is practically all consumed as a green vegetable. The late crop, on the other hand, is handled as a fresh vegetable, as a storage crop, and for the manufacture of sauerkraut. Cabbage is always in demand, and under present conditions it is always available, either as the product of a Southern truck farm or a Northern farm, garden, or storage house.

The soil for cabbage must necessarily vary in different localities. In one area it may be of an alluvial character, while in another it may be sandy, and in still another it may be characterized by glacial drift. The fact that cabbage grows well in all these soils indicates its adaptation to a wide range of conditions. The main thing with cabbage is an abundant supply of immediately available plant food. Market gardeners rely chiefly upon stable manure for their supply of plant food.

Among market gardeners it is a common expression that "cabbage should be hoed every day." Perhaps no other crop responds more quickly to good cultivation and an ample food supply. This is undoubtedly the explanation of the above quoted expression. In cultivating cabbage the work should be frequent and thorough, but the cultivation should not be deep. The aim should be to destroy all competing weeds and to maintain a loose, friable layer of soil about 2 inches deep over the surface of the area devoted to cabbage.

In some localities it is customary to set the plants in check rows about 30 inches apart each way, so that they can be cultivated in both directions. In other sections the plants are set in rows one way only, and are spaced 18 to 24 inches apart in the row. With the large growing late sorts, however, 10 inches between the plants in the row is not too much space. If the transplanting is to be done by hand it will be performed by pulling the plants and setting them with a dibble.

Cabbage which is grown as a truck crop is harvested as soon as it has attained sufficient size to be placed upon the market, regardless of its stage of maturity. The first shipment of cab-

bage from the trucking regions consist of very small, immature heads, often with many loose leaves upon them. As the season advances, the quality of the product improves, until the heads are very closely trimmed and carefully packed.

It is the practice of many market gardeners to plant coarse growing, long season crops far apart and to interplant one, two or even three short season, quick-maturing crops between them, or a quick growing, short season crop may be planted and be between the rows a crop requiring a longer season, so that as the quick growing crop is harvested the whole area is given up to the longer season crop. Cabbage is frequently made the basis of such a combination. Sometimes lettuce and radishes are grown between the rows of cabbage. Sometimes cabbage is planted between the rows of early beets, while late potatoes are frequently planted between the rows of early cabbage.

STARK NOW OWNER OF SECOND-HAND STORE.

Col. T. A. Stark is now sole owner of the second-hand furniture store in the brick building, purchasing same from the St. Louis Fur Co. He will, however, still be associated with the present company, whose success is largely due to Col. Stark's able management.

E. A. Hanmonds, who has been with the firm for a number of years and a most deserving, sensible fellow, has been promoted to secretary and treasurer, succeeding Col. Stark, who asked to be retired from this responsibility.

Hickman bankers are optimistic in their predictions for business outlook for the new year. While all admit the old year had in many respects been a trying one, all are firm in their belief that a turn for better times is just ahead of us. It is a noteworthy fact that all three of our banks made good showings for the year just past, regardless of the "panicky" condition which confronted us during the full months. The crisis seems to have been passed, all indications are that 1915 will be a bumper year.

John Kistner happened to an accident at the Mengel factory last week from which he will probably lose the sight of one eye.

T. O'Brien, of Fulton, is here for a few weeks.

CHANGE MANAGEMENT AT LA CLEDE HOTEL.

The La Clede Hotel, changed management last Friday morning, R. J. Young, of Bardwell, Ky., succeeding W. W. Bee, who has had charge for the past year.

The new manager takes a year's lease from the owner, J. O. West. Mr. Young, wife and daughter, Miss Clarice, arrived here Monday, taking active charge on that date. The Courier is glad to welcome the new owners to Hickman, and trust they will find their new venture a profitable and pleasant one. Mr. Young has previously been engaged in the mercantile business and for a number of years was a county officer in his home county.

Mr. Bee will continue in the cotton business here.

Geo. Bradberry, the efficient and popular clerk, will be retained by the new hotel manager.

John L. Smith, until recently a resident of Fulton, Ky., has purchased the Enterprise, a weekly newspaper at Smithland, Ky., and taken active charge of it. Previously to taking the Enterprise he conducted a newspaper at Fulton. For several years Mr. Smith has been identified with the newspaper field in Western Kentucky.

Chas. Rutter has been confined to his home by an injury caused by falling on some logs at the Mengel factory.

WORLD'S GREATEST SHORT STORIES NEXT.

Next week we will print our last installment of the "Trey O' Hearts." Following this story, The Courier will print a number of short stories—a complete story in each issue. A short time ago, twenty-four famous writers were asked to name the best short story in the English language. They named them and those are the stories we will give you, which are as follows:

HALE—"The Man Without a Country," selected by Mary Roberts Rinehart.

STEVENSON—"A Lodging For the night," selected by Booth Tarkington.

D. HENDY—"A Municipal Report," selected by Montague Hass.

POE—"The Fall of the House of Usher," selected by Governor Morris.

KIPING—"The Man Who Would Be King," selected by Irvin S. Cobb.

MARK TWAIN—"The Notorious Jumping Frog of Calaveras County," selected by Owen Johnson.

DICKENS—"The Case of Richard Doudleshek," selected by Mary Cutting.

HARATE—"The Outcast of Poker Flat," selected by Richard Harding Davis.

Miss Blanche Binford has returned from a visit with home folks in Ripley, Tenn.

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CHAPTER XLVII.

The Last Warning.

In the chill, violet-shadowed dusk of that clear evening, a chapfallen motor car crept sluggishly into the little mountain town of Mesquite at the heels of two muffled mules, driven by a chauffeur who steered with one hand while the other flourished a crackling whip-lash over the backs of its sole motive power.

Its one passenger, a cripple as helpless as the car itself, huddled in a corner of the rear seat, saluted Mesquite with a snarl. Though he was in sore need of such rude comforts as the town stood prepared to afford him, his demeanor toward it was that of one who suffers an indignity rather than begs accommodation.

And now, as the car crawled to a pause before the Mountain house—Mesquite's one caravanserai—and Mesquite itself, to the last dis-bitten hound, gathered round to view this wonder, Mr. Trine's indignation and chagrin distilled words of poisonous import.

Far from resenting this, Mesquite, pipe in mouth, hands in pockets, admired and applauded, and rather resented the change that befell when two other strangers whose earlier appearance in town had helped make that one day memorable beyond all others in Mesquite's history, charged out of the Mountain house and interrupted the elder devil with cries of greeting and jubilation.

The leader of these answered to the name of Marrophat; his companion was a person named Jimmy. Mesquite acquired this information through paying close attention to the substance of their communications with the cripple. More than this, however, it learned little. Something seemed to have been accomplished by the two, something that was highly gratifying to Seneca Trine; for he was chuckling almost mirthfully when lifted from the car and carried into the hotel.

What passed between the trio after they disappeared behind that hed-chamber door Mesquite could by no means guess. But that a celebration of some sort was in progress was evidenced by the frequency with which Marrophat and Jimmy called on the bar for more liquid refreshment.

And toward midnight one belated Mesquite paused in the street outside the Mountain house for one last curious stare at the lighted windows of Mr. Trine's quarters.

He saw, clearly silhouetted against the glowing glow of the window, the Mephistophelean profile of Seneca Trine, distorted with a grimace of the cruellest joy that ever heart of man conceived. He saw Marrophat approach his master with a drunken swagger and a speech which, though indistinguishable to the unseen auditor, unquestionably afforded both of the other men ample excuse for ecstatic glee. Toward its conclusion Mr. Marrophat apparently capped the peak of jubilation by fumbling in his coat pocket and bringing forth something which strongly resembled a single playing card.

Now when he had contrived to master his mirth, the cripple made a gesture which eloquently abolished this card, a gesture which said quite plainly: "All that is finished. The thing has served its purpose! To hell with it!"

Whereupon, with a smart jerk of his wrist, Mr. Marrophat sent the card spinning and sailing out through the open window to lose itself in the night. The watcher didn't see it fall, and though he spent an unconscionable time searching for it in the deep dust

Of these last was dressed in a suit of man's clothing, much the worse for wear.

At sight of the Mountain house the party betrayed slight symptoms of a more cheerful spirit: rejoicing in its promise of food and drinks and beds withal where to sleep, the four quickened their steps.

But of a sudden one of the women—she who wore the garments of her sex—paused, uttered a low cry, a thrill with terror, and clutching the arm of the man nearest her, pointed down to the card that stared up from the dust at her feet.

It was a Trey of hearts.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

Full Flight.

"Oh, what can it mean?" those who were brokenly, clinging to her lover's arm. "Surely you don't think . . . Surely, it must be accidental . . . Surely it can't mean—"

"I'm afraid it does," Alan Law responded gravely, eying the front of the Mountain house. "Our luck holds consistently—that's all it wouldn't be us if we didn't pick out the one place where Marrophat and Jimmy chose to stop over night. Fortunately, it's early; I doubt they're up. With half a show we ought to be able to find some way of putting a good distance between us and this town before they waken. Tom!"

But Mr. Harcus was already at his elbow, in thorough sympathy with Alan's interpretation of the significance to be attached to the card that trembled in Rose's hand.

"Share the word!" he agreed. "And there's a motor car over there. In front of the blacksmith's. Probably we can hire her—"

"Trine's car!" Alan ejaculated, swinging round and recognizing the automobile at a glance. "Then he's here, as well!"

"Looks like it," Harcus admitted. "But no much the better. We'll just naturally take the darn thing off his hands, and I'll bet a dollar there isn't another car within a radius of fifty miles! We'll be well out of these giddy mountains long before he finds anything to chase us with."

But his confidence was demonstrated to be premature by the discovery, which rewarded the first cursory examination, that the car was very thoroughly out of commission.

Two minutes later, however, their earnest inquiries elicited the fact that, although Harcus was justified in his surmise that the neighboring country was poverty-stricken in respect of motor cars, Mesquite itself boasted two motorcycles whose owners were not indifferent to a chance to sell them second-hand at a considerable advance on the retail list price of the machines, when new.

And thus it was that, within ten minutes from Rose's discovery of that chance-fung warning in the dust, the party was again in rapid motion.

His beauty sleep disturbed by the departure of the machine bearing Harcus and Judith, Seneca Trine roused on an elbow and looked out of the window just in time to see the second motorcycle gathering momentum, Alan steering, Rose in the seat behind.

Sixty seconds later a flaunting banner of dust was all that remained to remind Mesquite that romance had passed that way—that, and a series of passionate screams emanating from the hedchamber of Seneca Trine, where the cripple lay possessed by seven devils of the most malignant.

His screams brought attendance; but it was a matter of many precious minutes before his demands could be met and Marrophat and Jimmy roused from their capricious slumbers in adjoining chambers; and half an hour elapsed before the chauffeur, roused from his own well-earned rest, succeeded in convincing the pair that pursuit with the motor car was out of the question.

But the devil takes care of his own; within another half hour what seemed to be sheer, bull-headed, dumb luck brought a casual automobile to Mesquite—a two-seated, high-power racing machine of the latest and speediest pattern, driven by two irresponsible wayfarers who proved only too susceptible to Marrophat's offer of double the cost of the car—i. e. \$10,000—for its immediate surrender. The two pled out promptly enough; Marrophat and Jimmy jumped in; Trine from his bedroom window sped them on their murderous mission with a blast of blasphemy.

It must have been an hour later when Alan, checking his motorcycle as it surmounted the summit of a long upgrade, looked back and discovered, several miles distant on the far-flung windings of the mountain road, a small crimson shape that ran like a mad thing tirelessly pursued by a cloud of tawny dust like a golden ghost.

A motor car, beyond all question, and one of uncommon road-devouring quality; it might or might not contain Marrophat and Jimmy, once more in pursuit. Whether or not, bitter experience had long since educated



Trine Was Lifted From the Car and Carried Into the Hotel.

Alan in the gentle art of taking no chances.

Though it was his life that they sought so pertinaciously, no later than yesterday (and then by no means for the first time) they had proved that if Rose were with Alan they would include her ruthlessly in whatever scheme they might contemplate for his personal extermination.

Nor would Tom Harcus be exempt. If they were caught in company—though Judith might be, in view of Marrophat's infatuation for the girl.

These two were far ahead, out of sight, indeed; and must somehow be overtaken and warned—no easy matter, since the machine which bore them was, if anything, faster than Alan's, just as the racing automobile was faster than either.

Alan kept his gaze steadfast to the road before them, daring not once to look up and round or back.

So anxious and meandering was its course, indeed, that Alan seldom could see a hundred yards of it ahead, but must peep on in panic flight, hoping for the best—that Judith and Harcus would soon show up in front, that something might happen to hinder the pursuit—never knowing whether the latter lost or gained.

And thus catastrophe befell Round the swelling bosom of a wood.

ed mountainside the motorcycle swept like a hunted hare, and without the least warning came upon Harcus and Judith, dismounted, Harcus landing over his cycle and tinkering with its motor.

For one horrifying instant collision seemed unavoidable. Harcus and Judith and the motorcycle occupied most of the width of the road, there was little room between them and the declivity, less between them and the forest. To try to pass them on the latter side would be only to dash his brains out against the trees, while to make the attempt on the outside would be to risk leaving the road altogether and dashing off into space.

And it was impossible to stop the cycle—so brief was all his warning. In desperation Alan chose the outside of the road, and for the space of a single heartbeat thought that he might possibly make it, but with the next realized that he would not—seeing the front wheel swing off over the lip of the slope.

At this he acted sharply and upon sheer instinct. As the cycle left the road altogether he risked a broken knee by releasing his grasp of the handlebars and straightening out his leg and driving it down forcibly against the roadbed. The effect of this was to lift him bodily from the saddle; the machine shot from beneath him like some strange projectile hurled from the bore of a great gun, and those crashed against him in the same fraction of a second.

Headlong they plunked as one down the hillside, struck its shelving surface a good twenty feet from the brink of the road, and dying apart tumbled their separate ways down the remainder of the drop and into the friendly shelter of the underbrush.

Something nearly miraculous saved them whole. Beyond a few scratches and bruises and a severe shaking up, they escaped unhurt. And they were picking themselves up and regaining their breath and recollecting their scattered wits when, with impetus no less terrific than their own had been, the pursuing motor car swung round the bend and buried itself directly at the two who remained upon the road above.

Sacrifice. But Tom Harcus hadn't failed to profit by the warning implicit in Alan's accident.

Alan, he told himself shrewdly, would never have run his cycle at so foolhardy a pace without good reason; and under the circumstances good reason was synonymous solely with pursuit.

He was therefore on the alert, quick to see the racing automobile when it came hurtling round the bend, and in the very tick of time grasped Judith's arm and swung her bodily with him back out of harm's way, amid the trees that bordered the inside of the road.

Of necessity his motorcycle suffered. Abandoned in the middle of the road, it was struck by the buffers of the motor car and flung aside as if it had been nothing more ponderable than a tress of straw—landing half-way down the embankment, a hopeless tangle of shattered tubing and twisted wire.

At first blush the circumstances seemed surprising, that the car did not stop. But then Harcus reminded himself that Marrophat and Jimmy could not possibly have witnessed the accident involving Alan and Rose, who, together with the wreck of their machine, remained well-cloaked by the underbrush at the bottom of the canyon. In all probability, then, the assassins had assumed that Alan had hurried on; and since their own first business was concerned exclusively with them, they had done likewise, reasoning that they could return and deal with his unfortunate friend at their convenience after overhauling their quarry, whose life they most coveted.

As for Rose and Alan—heaven alone knew what had happened to them. So Harcus set himself to find out what over Providence knew without more.

(Cont. on next page.)

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It Was a Trey of Hearts.

of the roadway, he went his way in the end with curiosity unsated. Fate had reserved that card for a higher purpose.

Undisturbed, it lay where it had fallen, face upward, not a dozen feet from the front door of the Mountain house, until another day dawned on Mesquite.

Then, in the clear light of that dawn, four more strangers staggered into town—two weary and haggard men, two footsore and bedraggled women.

TREY OF HEARTS.

The racing car was barely out of sight when he sprang from the sheltering trees and, Judith at his heels, sped headlong down the slope to the spot where the others had vanished.

And then not only alive but actually unscathed, he stood before them almost to tears.

When congratulations had been mutually exchanged, there fell an awkward pause. The eyes of the four were turned to one another's ruefully, each with the unuttered but inevitable inquiry: What next?

The outcome, it was Mr. Harcus who advanced the suggestion which was adopted—though this was its reason more through lack of a better one for any actual appeal intrinsic to the proposition.

"Then we broke down, I saw," he confessed, with a backward jerk of his head to indicate the road, "a car launching off from this one about a mile or more over yonder. It's a shame to you people, we might as well round that way and see what its attractions may be—if any."

"A sure a mighty poor sort of a car that couldn't lead anywhere—nothing could possibly be more superior to our mercurial and reliable runners than to squat down here and wait our hands in our laps and wait for something to turn up—and we can't be worse off than we are."

"Efficient!" Mr. Law interrupted with a break smile.

Looking a deferential air, Harcus offered it to Judith.

"Everything is lovely in the formal garden," he insisted—"so sweetly so. Are you game for an excursion, just to while the idle hours away?"

The woman found spirit enough for a smile as she tucked her hand gently beneath his arm.

"You're the cheerful soul I ever met," she said demurely. "What I'm going to do without you when I ever get out of this awful business, heaven only knows."

"Let's talk of something else," he suggested hastily.

"Heaven, of course," she pursued with unbroken gravity. "I marry you."

"Heaven," the young man prayed fervently. "for me!"

"That is hardly gallant."

"I mean—heaven forbid that you should throw yourself away!"

"Humph!" she mused. "Perhaps you're right."

Their banter was not without a certain object, namely, to reassure the girl who followed, supported by her father's arm.

In the course of the last 24 hours Rose's jealousy of her sister's new-found friendliness with Alan had become acutely evident. The least courtesy which circumstances now and again demanded that he show Judith or seem a host, was enough to cloud the countenance of Alan's betrothed.

Not indeed, was Rose altogether destitute of plausible excuse for this feeling. It was undeniable that between Alan and Judith a bond of sympathy had grown out of the trials and hardships they had of late suffered in common. It was undeniable—but even in his most private thoughts Alan denied it fiercely. Judith, on the other hand, not only acknowledged it freely to herself, but several times a strangely sweet and poignant pang from the knowledge that she could not so readily and hopelessly.

That her love was hopeless she knew full too well. Even though Alan might not be altogether indifferent to her, after all that had passed between them, his loyalty to Rose was undeniable. And not for worlds would she see a rival have had it otherwise. She could not have loved him as she did had he not been so immovably true. As it was, since she could not hope her love might be returned, she was content to love and to pursue herself that, if opportunity ever of love, she would not prove unworthy to sacrifice herself for her love.

And at times she caught herself saying that such opportunity would

be accorded her, and quickly, and that the sacrifice it should demand would be complete.

Now prayers are sometimes answered when the boon craved is good for the soul.

Slowly and painfully these four toiled along an obscure trail that followed the windings of the little river, until a branch struck into the main stream and so discovered to them yet another trail leading into the westward canyon.

Then again slowly and painfully they plodded on following blindly another trail blazed by Fate as blind as they.

Above them on the road they had abandoned the crimson racer doubled back to the point where it had passed Judith and Harcus, its occupants descended, exploded, and came presently upon the trail of the fugitives.

Those who could not have set their feet upon a scent with more good will and eagerness than Mr. Martindale and his faithful aide.

The sun was high and blazing above the canyon when the pursuit came within rifle shot of the chase.

A spittled shout roused the quartet from a pause of lethargic dismay due to tardy appreciation of the fact that they had penetrated willy-nilly almost to the end of a blind alley.

A hasty council of war armed Alan with Judith's revolver and posted him behind a boulder commanding the approaches to the chasm. The weapon, a powerful .45, had a range sufficient to numb the impetuosity of the assassins and keep them under cover and out of sight of the desperate escapees. The fugitives were seeking to escape an escape.

For in the thick behind an abandoned log cabin, souvenir no doubt, of some forgotten prospect—Harcus had unearthed a length of stout hempen rope.

With the aid of a rusty shovel he had hacked this into two equal lengths. One of these lengths he proceeded to make fast around his own waist, then around Rose's.

The other he left to be similarly employed by Alan and Judith. For it was agreed that they must climb, and while the cliff offered no problem to daunt a mountain climber of any pretensions, it was considered best that the fugitives should be hitched up in pairs against any possibility of a slip. The pairing had been determined by the fact that Harcus boasted some slight experience in mountaineering, while Rose was platonically the most exhausted of the two women, the least able to help herself in an emergency.

He had worked his cautious way, with the girl in tow, to a point midway up the face of the cliff, following a long diagonal that provided the easiest climbing, when Alan stole back to Judith and reported that, on the evidence of observation and belief, he was convinced that the pursuit had turned back—perhaps for want of ammunition, perhaps to execute some less hazardous attempt upon the lives of the fugitives.

Without delay, then, he made the free end of the rope fast around his own waist and, following the way Harcus had chosen, began the ascent.

Two-thirds of the climb had been accomplished, and Rose and Harcus had arrived in safety at the top, before the temptation to look down proved irresistible.

Immediately beneath his heels the face of the cliff was deeply hollowed out, leaving a drop of 50 feet to a shivering ledge of shale as steep as a roof, whose eaves—perhaps another fifty feet below—jutted out over another fall of a hundred feet.

Alan shuddered and swallowed hard before resuming the ascent.

Another 20 feet brought him to a ledge quite six feet wide, offering a broad and easy path to the summit. He gained this with a prayer of heartfelt relief and was on the point of rising to his feet when a cry of horror from Harcus and a scream of terror from Rose, watching over the upper edge, warned him barely in time to enable him to snatch at and grasp a knob of rock before Judith's weight tumbled the rope between them and jerked Alan's legs from under him.

His feet and legs kicked the empty air beyond the lip of the ledge, he lay face downward, clutching desperately the knob of rock, praying that it might not come away in his grasp, that his grasp might hold, that Harcus might arrive in time to save them both. The rope was cutting into his waist like a dull knife. The drag of Judith's body was frightful. He could feel her swinging like a pendulum at the end of his 30 feet, and could imagine but too vividly what would happen if the rope should prove faulty.

The fall of 20 feet to the shale roof was nothing. What would follow would, however, spell death. The impact of her body would set the shale in motion, like an avalanche—and beyond the eaves was only emptiness and the howler-strewn bed of the chasm, a hundred feet below!

The sweat poured from his face like rain. His eyes started in their sockets, the blood drummed in his ears with a roar resembling distant thunder. His fingers grew numb, his throat dry.

He felt that he could not hold on another instant when, abruptly, that torture was no more. The rope had been relieved of its burden. He heard a scream from below echoed by one from above, then the thump of Judith's body falling on the shale, then the rattling rattle of the landslide gathering momentum.

Harcus, at length arrived, assisted him to a place of security. Spent and faint and sick with horror, he lay prone and shuddering.

Only the assurance of Harcus that

Judith had somehow escaped being precipitated over the eaves of the shale roof roused him and gave him nerve enough to resume the climb. It was true, when he found courage to look and see for himself, she lay within three yards of the brink supreme, her face uplifted to the sun, unstruggling; she dared not stir; a single



His Screams Brought Attendance.

movement was calculated to set the shale bed again in motion.

Painfully he realized that if, as Harcus asserted, she had deliberately cut the rope herself, Judith had offered up her life to spare his own.

CHAPTER L

Retribution.

And yet the very consciousness of the girl's danger was all the stimulant that Alan needed to recall him to himself.

Once arrived with Harcus at the top of the cliff, he lost no time in setting about preparations to effect her rescue.

In this business Fortune smiled upon him, as it were, by predisposition.

A broad roadway ran along the top of the precipice, turning off at a little distance to the right, to descend the mountainside. And just beyond this turning Providence had chosen to locate the camp of a hydraulic mining outfit.

Alan's appearance at the top, in fact, was coincident with the arrival at that point of half a dozen excited miners, and he had no more than voiced his demands than three of their number were hastening back to the camp to procure rope and more hands.

Within five minutes Alan, against the protests of Rose and Harcus, was being lowered over the edge and down to the shale roof on which he landed at a spot far to one side of Judith, to escape all danger of sending a second landslide down upon her.

Picking his way carefully down to the very brink, Alan edged along this, more than once saved a fall to death only by the rope, until he stood immediately below Judith.

Then pausing, he instructed her carefully, tossed the end of the rope into her hands, and when she had wound it twice round her arm, crept up to her side and helped her make it fast about her body.

His signal to the miners that all was well elicited prompt response. There was a giddy interval in which the two swung perilously between heaven and earth. Then they stood once more in safety.

Supported by sympathetic hands, the quartet staggered into camp, their story, as condensed by Harcus and breathlessly confirmed by Alan, already winning them enthusiastic champions.

And this was very well for them. For they had no more than seated themselves and begun to appreciate what perils they had escaped, when the rumble of a motor car sounded beyond the shoulder of the hill.

Startled by this alarm once more into full command of his flagging faculties, Alan rose and stumbled out into the roadway, taking cognizance of such facilities for defense as the camp afforded and issuing instructions with a voice vibrant with fear, not for his own safety, but for the safety of those whom he loved.

Not far from the point where the road swung from the cliff to thread the camp the hydraulic nozzle was in action, its terrific force of water melting the mountainside away ton by ton.

Toward this Harcus ran at top speed, gabling the man in charge of the nozzle just as the car swung round the bend.

Pausing only long enough to make certain that there could be no mistake—and having this certainty made doubly sure by Jimmy's action in rising from his seat and firing over the

MUSIC

Latest Sheet Music
DEMONSTRATED
Every Day from 4 to 5
Fetthe's Book Store

Watch Your Steps Through the New Year!



At the start of 1915 resolve to keep a **GOOD BALANCE** in our bank. Then see to it that you do. You'll be **HAPPIER** and **SAFER** and more **CONTENTED** at the end of the year than you thought possible. Get the habit of **PAYING EVERYTHING BY CHECK**. It's **EASIER** and **BETTER**. The vouchers are your receipts. Ask your neighbor about it. He's probably using checks. Begin with a **SMALL ACCOUNT** anyway. Try it.

Hickman Bank and Trust Company

Hickman, Kentucky

Capital \$50,000.00

Surplus \$40,000.00

W. A. TYLER, President

W. D. HEND, Cashier

J. O. JOHNSON, Vice President

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DIRECTORS:

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CHILLS AND FEVER CURED

One dose will convince



WAMPCHILL AND FEVER TONIC is a laxative. Permanently cures chills and fever. It is a tonic. Increases the appetite and aids digestion. Acts upon the liver and will cure all fevers and malarial. Only 50c per bottle. BORNIS NORTON DRUG CO., FT. SMITH, ARK. Manufacturing Chemist

For Sale by All Druggists

windsfield pointblank at Alan as this last stood waiting in the roadway—Harcus and the miner swung the nozzle round until it bore directly on the car.

The power of its stream was such that the car was checked instantly in its tracks; and before the water could have been shut off or the stream diverted, the machine was driven back to the very lip of the cliff and over it completely, taking with it those twin upon whose efforts all the hopes of Seneca Trine of late had been centered.

A death that was merciful, in that it was instantaneous, awaited them at the foot of the cliff.

(Cont. next week.)

NOTE: The foregoing chapters will be shown in moving pictures at the Crystal Theatre tomorrow (Friday) night.

DEATH OF G. M. HERRING.

The death of G. M. (Euge) Herring, a well known citizen of the vicinity of Union City, took place at his residence on the evening of Monday, Dec. 28, 1914, at 7 o'clock, of an illness resulting from a general decline.

Gus Montgomery Herring was the son of Major James Herring, born near Louisville, Tenn., and came with his parents to Union county at the age of 10 years. At the age of 16 he entered the Confederate service and served throughout the four years of the war, being mustered out at the age of 20.

At the age of 25 years Mr. Herring was united in marriage to Miss Elizabeth Cable, of Kentucky, and the survivors of the family are the widow and three children, viz Mrs. T. T. Swaine, of Hickman, Mrs. W. M. Huddell, and J. B. Herring, of Moore, Okla.

The family settled in Union county at the old homestead where Mr. Herring's death took place and where they have lived since 1855—Union City Commercial.

Courier "want ads" 1c per word.

Contracts for supplies amounting to \$300,000.00 have been placed with the United States by the belligerents, according to Charles M. Schwab, who returned from Europe. "Good times are upon us," he declared.

PORT OF LAMBETH NOW GONE

Depicts Favorite Walk of Late George Tinworth, an Eminent English Sculptor.

London.—The above sketch of a part of Lambeth now gone depicts one of the favorite walks of the late Mr. George Tinworth. The eminent sculptor was a deeply religious man, and had a fondness for the old building shown in the illustration. Locally it was known as "Bunyan's Mission," and Mr. Tinworth evidently cherished the tradition that at one period Bun-



Bunyan's Mission.

yan lectured in the building, and he used regularly to wend his way from the enhancement through the archway to his studio at Donlon's. In the background is seen the church of St. Mary's, Lambeth.

C. W. Cunningham and Miss Ethelene Hendrix, a popular young couple living west of Dukesboro, were married in Fulton Tuesday.



IN REACH—OR OUT?

Suppose a fire broke out today in the house, office or store adjoining your how would you stand in regard to a fire insurance policy? Have you got one at all? Is it in a sound and reliable company? Now is the best time to think about it and to take out a policy if you haven't one. You can't get it afterwards you know. See us about a policy at once. The cost is small—the benefits great.

HELM & HELM

HICKMAN, KY.

FACTS CONCERNING THE APPELATE RACE.

Kentucky has seven appellate judges and each judge is elected for eight years at a salary of \$5,000. Each judge serves as chief justice the last two years of his term. The State is divided into seven districts.

No man is eligible unless he is 35 years old and has been a practicing lawyer eight years or more.

We live in District No. 1, which consists of eighteen counties, as follows: Ballard, Carlisle, Hickman, Fulton, Graves, McCracken, Callaway, Marshall, Livingston, Lyon, Trigg, Caldwell, Crittenden, Union, Webster, Hopkins, Henderson and Christian. These counties in 1912 cast a Democratic vote for president as follows:

Ballard	1,706
Hickman	1,540
Carlisle	1,409
Fulton	1,399
Graves	3,888
McCracken	2,948
Callaway	2,338
Marshall	1,675
Livingston	1,009
Lyon	996
Trigg	1,263
Caldwell	1,231
Crittenden	1,243
Union	2,768
Webster	998
Hopkins	3,147
Christian	2,784
Henderson	3,098
Total	35,135

Engraved cards—Courier office.

M. E. CHURCH NOTICE.

9:45 a. m., Sunday School.
11 a. m., preaching.
6 p. m., Epworth League.
7:00 p. m., preaching.

NOTICE L. O. O. M.

Hickman Lodge No. 1294, Loyal Order of Moose, meets every Tuesday night, Odd Fellows' Hall, eight o'clock sharp. All members are urged to attend each meeting.—C. L. Walker, Dictator, C. M. Reynolds, Secy.

Subscribe for the Courier.

Business Directory

—ASK FOR RATES—

ST. LOUIS FURNISHING CO.

Undertakers

Hearse and driver furnished on short notice

R. O. Hester W. H. Hester

HESTER & HESTER
Lawyers

Practice in Hickman. Phone or Write Mayfield, Ky., office.

MITT SHAW.

Attorney

Phone 222

AMBERG & POWELL

Attorneys-at-Law
And Notary Public

Will practice in all courts of the state.

W. F. MONTGOMERY

FURNITURE AND UNDERTAKING

Hearse furnished if wanted

"Silver Plate that Wears"

Those who seek perfection in silverware invariably choose forks, spoons and tines serving pieces stamped with the renowned trademark

1847

ROGERS BROS.

In quality and beauty of design, this well-known silver is unsurpassed. Its remarkable durability has won it the popular title "Silver Plate that Wears."

Sold by leading dealers. Send for catalogue "C." showing all designs. INTERNATIONAL SILVER CO., Birmingham, Ala. Made in U.S.A.

When Croup Comes Treat Externally

The old system of dosing delicate little stomachs with nauseous drugs and syrups is wrong and painful. The external treatment—Vick's Vapo-Rub—Croup and Pneumonia Remedy—just rub a little over throat and chest and cover with a warm flannel. The warmth of the body releases the pores of Pine Tar, Menthol, Thymol, Eucalyptol, that loosen the choking mucus and ease the difficult breathing immediately. One application of Vick's assures a sound night's sleep. It is better than internal medicines of all forms of cold troubles. Three sizes—25c, 50c and \$1.00.

VICK'S Croup and SALVE

COAL

CASH ONLY

DELIVERIES MADE PROMPTLY

Cumb. Phone 65.

Home Phone 104

Chas. T. Isbell

CHURCH and CHOIR

ORDINATION TUESDAY.

The sermon of the ordination of the Rev. Werner F. Remmenberg, deacon of St. Paul's Episcopal church, of Hickman, will be delivered by the Rev. Edward S. Dunn, rector of St. George's Episcopal church. The Rev. Remmenberg will be elevated to the priesthood at a service at 10 o'clock Tuesday morning at the Epiphany.

Others taking part in the service will be: Bishop Charles E. Woodcock, the Rev. Arthur Gort, the Rev. James M. Owens, the Rev. H. S. Musson and the Rev. Dr. Charles Ewell Clark.

The Rev. Mr. Remmenberg served his postulancy at St. John's school, at Mount Vernon, Ky., and on completing his course there became a candidate for holy orders, taking the full course at the General Theological Seminary in New York, where he was graduated with honors, last spring. Being a member of the parish of the Epiphany, it was thought appropriate that his ordination take place there. Following his ordination he will become rector of St. Paul's church, of Hickman, Ky.—Louisville Post.

The above item will be read with pleasure by the friends and acquaintances of Rev. Remmenberg. While he has been in Hickman only a short time, he has made many friends, and is a fine fellow in every sense of the word, meriting the honor of his advancement.

CHURCH OF CHRIST NOTES.

A fine audience was out for the New Years lecture at the Crystal on last Sunday night. It is a pleasure to note that from the beginning of the Sunday night services at the Crystal Theater, that the audiences have gradually increased.

On next Sunday night, the subject for the lecture will be: "Kingdom." This is a lecture that was delivered on the regular platform for a number of years, with a moderate degree of general acceptance throughout the central States. It is something "New Under the Sun." Come and hear it. Lecture begins at 7:30. Good music.

The Bible school is picking up in interest and number, and it is hoped that all will be in their places on next Sunday.

The subject for the morning sermon will be the one announced for last Sunday, "The Annual Invoice." At this time we hope to have a report from every department of the church, including the Bible School, C. W. B. M., Ladies Aid and the Church Treasurer.

Plans for the next years work will be considered and discussed. Let all the members and friends of the church be present. This year means work.

ST. PAULS CHURCH SUNDAY, JAN. 10th.

Holy communion 8 a. m.
Sunday School 10 a. m.
Holy communion and sermon 11 a. m.
Evening prayer and sermon 7 p. m.
Morning subject: "The Epiphany."
Evening subject: "Division in the Church."
Rev. W. E. Remmenberg, Pastor.

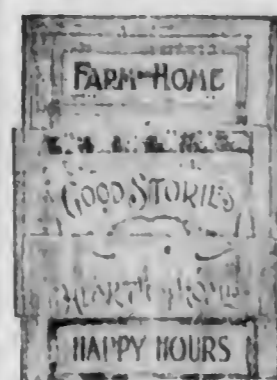
RIVER ON STAND HERE.

The river reached a stand at Hickman yesterday, with the gauge at Cairo reading 28.5. It is falling at all points above. At St. Paul and Revereport it is frozen over, and an ice gorge is reported at Cairo.

In the five months the war has been in progress, Memphis has sent 7,000 horses to the armies of France and England, and the allies have left in Memphis, therefore the tidy sum of \$1,050,000.

Mose Barlett is in the infirmary in Nashville undergoing treatment for wound received in leg several months ago.

City Judge Amberg and City Attorney Powell are moving into their new offices in the city hall today.



\$1.25—Our Paper and Any One of These Clubs—\$1.25

SEVERAL leading publishers of magazines have joined with us in one of the greatest subscription bargains ever put out in this country. Through this combination everybody will be able to get a yearly subscription to three magazines in combination with our weekly paper at practically the price of our paper alone. In this list you will find forty different periodicals formed into thirty-five different clubs. Each club has 3 magazines, except one Special Club which has four magazines, some of these magazines sell for as much as \$1 a year. They are all good and cover a large variety of choice reading matter, including History, Music, Religion, Education, Fashions, Fancy Needlework, Illustrated Current Events, Home Decorations, Fiction, Literature, Drama, Art, Science, Inventions, General Farming, Dairy Farming, Live Stock, Vegetables, Fruit and Poultry.

On account of the splendid contact we have made with the publishers of these magazines, we are able to give our readers a choice of any one of the clubs in combination with our paper one year for \$1.25. Just 25¢ more than the price of our paper alone. This offer is made to everybody. If you have never subscribed to our paper before, we ask you to take advantage of this offer. If you are a subscriber to our paper we ask you to renew so that you too may get 3 magazines extra. Look over the list and select the club you like best. Send your order today or give your order to our representative or call at our office when in town. If you are now a subscriber to any of these magazines and want to renew just send your order to us and we will have your subscription extended. If your subscription to our paper is just due, we advise you to pay up and take advantage of this bargain. If you are in the habit of buying your magazines through other channels, we ask you to just compare our clubs and prices with that of any other offer you receive. You, no doubt, are now a subscriber to some of these periodicals. You can save money by sending your renewal order to us. Here is a chance to get your home paper and a yearly supply of good reading at a real bargain. If you want one or more of these magazines sent to different addresses, just mention it.

TELL ALL YOUR FRIENDS AND NEIGHBORS ABOUT THIS BIG OFFER

CLUB No. 1
McCall's (with free pattern)
Farm Life
Everyday Life

CLUB No. 2
Woman's World
Peoples Popular Monthly
Gentlewoman

CLUB No. 3
Hearth and Home
Farm Life
Household Magazine

CLUB No. 4
American Woman
Farm Life
Household Guest

CLUB No. 5
Today's (with free pattern)
Farm Life
Household Magazine

CLUB No. 6
Today's (with free pattern)
Everyday Life
Gentlewoman

CLUB No. 7
Fancywork Magazine
Everyday Life
Woman's World

CLUB No. 8
Farm and Fireside
Woman's World
Home Life

CLUB No. 9
Farm and Home
Woman's World
Household Guest

CLUB No. 10
Today's (with free pattern)
Woman's World
Home Life

CLUB No. 11
Good Stories
Farm Life
Everyday Life

CLUB No. 12
Green's Fruit Grower
Everyday Life
Farm Life

CLUB No. 13
Today's (with free pattern)
Practical Farmer
Household Magazine

CLUB No. 14
People's Popular Monthly
Farm Progress
Woman's World

CLUB No. 15
Poultry Item
Today's (with free pattern)
Farm Life

CLUB No. 16
Boys' Magazine
Gentlewoman

CLUB No. 17
Kimball's Dairy Farmer
Home Life
Gentlewoman

CLUB No. 18
Today's (with free pattern)
Gentlewoman
Home Life

CLUB No. 19
Successful Farming
Home Life
Everyday Life

CLUB No. 20
Farmer's Wife
Home Life
Everyday Life

CLUB No. 21
Happy Hours
Farm Life
Gentlewoman

CLUB No. 22
Fancywork Magazine
Gentlewoman
Today's (with free pattern)

CLUB No. 23
Kansas City Weekly Star
Farm Life
Everyday Life

CLUB No. 24
Gentlewoman
Woman's World
Home Life

CLUB No. 25
Kansas City Weekly Star
Everyday Life
Home Life

CLUB No. 26
Southern Farmer
Home Life
Gentlewoman

CLUB No. 27
Farmer's Wife
Dispatch St. Paul
Home Life

CLUB No. 28
Rural Week (St. Paul)
Gentlewoman
Everyday Life

CLUB No. 29
American Home
Woman's World
Gentlewoman

CLUB No. 30
McCall's (with free pattern)
Everyday Life
Household Guest

CLUB No. 31
Farmer's Wife
Dispatch St. Paul
Home Life

CLUB No. 32
Rural Week (St. Paul)
Gentlewoman
Everyday Life

CLUB No. 33
American Home
Woman's World
Gentlewoman

CLUB No. 34
McCall's (with free pattern)
Everyday Life
Household Guest

CLUB No. 35
Farmer's Wife
Dispatch St. Paul
Home Life

CLUB No. 36
Rural Week (St. Paul)
Gentlewoman
Everyday Life

CLUB No. 37
American Home
Woman's World
Gentlewoman

CLUB No. 38
McCall's (with free pattern)
Everyday Life
Household Guest

THE WEATHER

FAIR TODAY AND FRIDAY

IVY HAMIL DEAD. FIRST DEATH FOR 1915.

The death of Ivy Hamel, age 22, which occurred Tuesday night at 8:45, is the first death to be recorded in Hickman for the year 1915.

Deceased has suffered for the past 18 months from tuberculosis. He is a son of Mrs. Anna Hamel, coming here from Huntville, Ala. For many years he was an employee of the Mengel Box Co. He was a member of the Methodist church and had been twice married. Burial occurred at Brownsville.

Soon will be time for the advance agent for the chautauque companies to call on us. All who want to sign up for another chautauque, hold up your hands. The days have it.

Misses Carrie Barber and Inez Roper returned home Friday after a week's visit with friends and relatives at Fulton and Peachfield.

Mrs. John Wright has returned home after a visit to her sister at Kenton.

Mrs. Johnson, of Jackson, is visiting her sister Mrs. H. Henry.

Mrs. Will Helm, of Nashville, is visiting Mrs. C. F. Baltzer.

Clay Roper, of Tiptonville, was here Saturday and Sunday.

Chester Bonbrant left Tuesday for Greenville, Miss.

S. N. Sweeney has a fresh cow for sale.

Ferd Berendes is on the sick list.

County School Notes

By Miss Virginia Luton, County Superintendent

The examination for common school diplomas will be held at the Court House at Hickman and also at Cayce on the 29th and 30th of January. All pupils who have completed the eighth grade should take this examination.

We are glad to learn that a number of our progressive teachers will attend the Normal School at Bowling Green during the midwinter and spring terms. A number of those who will enter January 26th for the term are: A. W. Carlton, J. P. Lawson, J. C. Massey, Greta Benthal, Ruth Sanders, Ina Bellows, Leola Skinner and Ada Corum.

The best grades made at the Sylvan Shade High School at the first examination this year were as follows:

First Year.

Olga Maddox 92.3
Helen Henry 87.5

Second Year.

Miss Prather 91.4
Lillian Maddox 90.1

Although the roads are muddy and the weather unfavorable, we hope that patrons will make a special effort to have the children in school during these closing weeks. It is progress is to be made it is necessary that the pupils do not drop out of school before the close. So many patrons have phones and some neighbors have phones and see that all of the children go to school in wagons. Why can't we have more of this? If attendance is irregular it is a loss not only to those who are absent, but a loss to the whole school.

Courier Want Ads get results.

REAL ESTATE TRANSFERS

Addie Nolen to Joe and Enoch Browder, lots in Fulton, quit claim deed \$1, etc.

Kate L. Carr to Joe and Enoch Browder, lots in Fulton, quit claim deed \$1, etc.

First Nat'l Bank to Harry Fork Drainage Com., land in Fulton \$1, etc.

Kate L. Carr to Enoch Browder, lots in Fulton, quit claim deed \$1, etc.

Chicago, St. Louis & New Orleans R. R. to Joe and Enoch Browder, land in Fulton, \$500.

We are just learning that our friend Tom E. Andrews, formerly with Barrett & Ledford, has succeeded T. C. Horner as manager of the West Hickman Supply Co. Tom is a splendid young fellow and will doubtless carry the business on to the satisfaction of the stockholders.

W. Norton and wife, of Fulton are with their daughter Mrs. W. P. Skinner, who has been ill several days.

Miss Mary Briggs returned home Sunday after a visit during the holidays to relatives at Fulton City and Crockett.

Fred Barber and Miss Althea Derryberry, of Crutcheville, are guests of Ed Barber and family from Friday till Sunday.

Mrs. Maggie Randle has returned home after a visit to her daughter, Mrs. Horace Laten, of Fulton.

Miss Amanda Roper, of Tiptonville, is the guest of Miss Carrie Barber.

Mrs. Sid Lipscomb has returned from a visit to her parents in Arkansas.

Miss Clara Weiman, of Union City, is visiting Mrs. John Pyle.

Dave J. Verline, of Union City, spent Sunday here.

LODGE NOTES

Hickman Lodge No. 761 F & A M meets in regular communication on the second and fourth Monday nights in each month. Visiting brothers always welcome at Austin Voorhees, Master, 11 N. Carroll St.

Wm. King and Cordie Bandy were married at the Court House Thursday by County Judge R. J. Stahr. Both are residents of this county. The groom gives his age as 18 and the bride 16.

T. P. Bonbrant's local agency for the Mutual Life Insurance Co. stood third, in competition with all agencies of the U. S., for amount of business written in December. Lebanonville came first.

Miss Julia Jackson returned Friday from Memphis after a visit to her brother, W. H. Jackson.

C. E. Schlenker and wife went to housekeeping Saturday in one of J. T. Stephens' houses.

Mrs. W. W. Bee left Saturday for Little Rock, to visit her mother, Mrs. Mary Kiser.

Miss Jane Happy returned Sunday after a visit to her parents at Mayfield.

Jailer Murchison tells us he has 13 prisoners in the county jail.

CAYCE NEWS.

Miss Mary Kate Lawson in a few days last week with Mrs. Randolph. Mrs. Bransford was the guest of Mrs. G. W. Menzies in Fulton several days last week. S. A. Wilkins was in Hickman Saturday. Audrey Coleman turned to Martin Sunday. He will attend McFerrin Institute. Miss Swan, of Hickman, is visiting here this week. Miss D. Ramey is on the sick list. Their Hamilton of Union was the guest of Miss Lamer during Wednesday and Thursday. Bob Alexander was in Hickman Monday. Ray of Martin, filled his room at the Baptist Sunday and a large number present. Mrs. Julia Haney, quite sick, Ward McFerrin, Friday and Wednesday. Mr. and Mrs. John Jones of Hickman. Mrs. A. W. Lee returned Friday evening from a visit to her brother, Ward McFerrin, of Chattanooga. Those present were: Misses Edith Lee, Edith Oliver, Swan, Swan, Hickman, Jesse Wall, Mrs. M. Jones, Grace Davis, Pearl Jones, Clara Carr, Rufe Campbell, Clara Carr, Mrs. A. W. Lee, Ward McFerrin, Alvin Jones, and Joe Wall. W. Jones, Hester and Aubrey, N. C. Atchley, Walter, John Oliver and Walter McFerrin.

One lot of near Hickman. Misses Anne and A. Thomas Sunday. Miss McFerrin left Thursday for Peabody, Tenn. for a visit. Ward left Saturday for Peabody, Ky., after spending a holiday with home folks. Ward McFerrin was in Fulton Sunday. Mrs. Powell, of Peabody, visited her son, Bob Powell, several days this week. Dr. A. Wright and Mrs. S. A. Wilkins were in Cayce on business Friday. Master Oscar Coleman, Thursday for Hickman, where he will attend school. Mrs. Florence Bradley, of Peabody, visited Mrs. M. E. Mayes Friday. Mr. and Mrs. Bob Jones spent Saturday and Sunday in Hickman. Little Misses Virginia and Mary Arden Sadling, of Peabody, spent several days with Mrs. Ella Sadling. They were accompanied home by Miss McFerrin. R. S. Wright, of Peabody, visited Dr. A. Wright and family last week.

James Lawson visited at A. Bransford Friday. Ray Thomas and Hubert Wilkins were in Peabody. There will be no meeting at the M. E. church Sunday morning and evening.

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Cottage Hotel

Mrs. C. A. Perry, Prop.

Newly Overhauled;
Nicely Furnished!RATES \$1.50 PER DAY.
Special Rates by the week

IN HEART OF CITY!

Transient Business Solicited.

Sale
Bills
PRINTEDIf you intend
to have a sale
get our pricesWear fixed for tuning
out work of this kind
in double-quick time.A NEW CREATION
WEBSTER'S
NEW
INTERNATIONAL
DICTIONARYTHE MERRIAM WEBSTER
The Only New unabridged dictionary
in many years.Contains the pith and essence
of an authoritative library.
Covers every field of knowl-
edge. An Encyclopedia in a
single book.The Only Dictionary with the
New Divided Page.
400,000 Words. 2700 Pages.
6000 Illustrations. Cost nearly
half a million dollars.
Let us tell you about this most
remarkable single volume.Write for sample
pages, full par-
ticulars, etc.
Name this
paper and we will
send free
a set of
Pocket
MapsG. & C. Merriam Co.
Springfield, Mass.

American farms during 1914 eclipsed all records for the combined value of their products, with a total of almost \$10,000,000,000. Secretary Houston, of the Department of Agriculture, today announced the value of all farm products and farm animals sold and slaughtered aggregated \$9,873,000,000. That was \$8,000,000 more than the great total of 1913, the previous year, and more than double the value of all farm products of 1889.

R. T. Doughlass returned to Memphis Sunday after a visit to his mother, Misses Marie and Homer Green.

P. M. Johnson attended the New Years dance at Crutcher'sville Thursday.

James Earle, of New Orleans, returned to his home Saturday after a visit to his mother, Mrs. Harriet Lewis.

NOTHING BETTER
FOR WEAK WOMEN

"I Never Spent Any Money
That Did Me So Much
Good as That I Spent for
Vinol."

Bellefontaine, Ohio.—"I wish every tired, weak, nervous woman could have Vinol for I never spent any money in my life that did me so much good as that I spent for Vinol. My nerves were in a very bad condition, making me very weak, tired, and worn out and often drowsy headaches. I had tried cod liver oil, doctor's medicines, and other preparations without benefit.

"One day a friend asked me to try Vinol. I did and soon my appetite increased, I slept better and now I am strong, vigorous and well and can do my housework with pleasure."—Mrs. J. F. Lamborn, Bellefontaine, Ohio.

Nervous, weak, tired, worn-out women should take Mrs. Lamborn's advice and try Vinol for there are literally thousands of men and women who were formerly run-down, weak and nervous, who owe their good health to Vinol.

It is the medicinal, tissue-building elements of the red's liver, aided by the blood-making, strengthening influence of tonic iron, contained in Vinol, which makes it so efficient in all such cases.

Helm & Ellison Druggists.

EVEN THE ESKIMO
IS A "MOONSHINER."

It may surprise those who associate "moonshine" with whisky only with the Southern States moonshiners, to learn that since the suppression of the contraband liquor traffic between whites and natives in the North the Eskimo has himself turned "moonshiner." His distilling plant is a small and primitive affair. The still is usually an old oil can, the "cask" stand, a powder keg, the worm, a twisted gun barrel, the receptacle to catch the liquor that drips from the worm, a tomato can. He knows nothing of the Southern moonshiner's mash made from the meal of sprouted corn. His mash is a fermented mixture of flour and molasses. He boils it by placing under the still a pan of blubber oil in which burns a wick of twisted moss. The vapor from the boiling mash passes from the still into the worm where it is condensed by cold sea water with which the powder keg is kept filled by hand, and trickles out into the tomato can. An alcoholic liquor which tastes like none of the liquor of civilization, but equals the fiercest of them in intoxicating potency. The deep swig of this moonshine of the North will make the usual timid Eskimo brave enough to face his mother-in-law or a polar bear with equally reckless disregard of consequences.

Catarrh Cannot Be Cured

with LOCAL APPLICATIONS. It cannot reach the seat of the disease. There is a blood-poisoning disease and in order to cure it you must take internal remedies. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces. This Catarrh Cure is not a quick medicine. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best known blood-purifying and best blood-purifiers, acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing Catarrh. Send for testimonials free. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

SEARCH FOR GOLD
IN ABANDONED CAVE.

Plains, Ky., is all excitement over the finding of a cave by Homer Woods containing a pile of human bones and the name of Frank Kerns etched out with some rough instrument on the side of the cave.

Kerns was a reclusive who lived in the woods somewhere on Wolfe Creek some fifty or sixty years ago. Bill King, an old-time hunter, was the only one he ever made a real confidante of.

Kerns disappeared and no one ever knew where he went. King told friends that during a search Kerns had told him that he had a large sum of money, and even went so far as to show him a large sack made of groundhog hide, filled to overflowing with gold nuggets and coins.

King, after suffering a severe attack of typhoid fever, was delirious and would talk nothing but gold all day, and would often scream out during his sleep, "Look at the gold." At last after suffering this way for several months, he died without revealing the location of the cave.

Woods is organizing a party to explore the cave in an effort to see if some of the gold cannot be found. Over 100 men have already volunteered their services.

The cave is situated high up on the mountain and is made of a crack in the rock some four or five feet wide. It is not known how long it is, as Woods only proceeded about seventy yards from the mouth.

Whenever You Need a General Tonic
Take Groves

The Old Standard Groves' Tasteless Tonic is equally valuable as a General Tonic, because it contains the well known tonic properties of QUININE and IRON. It acts on the Liver, Drives out Malaria, Purifies the Blood, and Builds up the Whole System. 50 cents.

R. B. Johnson spent Sunday in Jackson.

Barney Huddleston wife and children returned home Saturday after a visit to relatives at Fulton.

The Mayfield Messenger in an editorial Monday is boosting Her A. W. Barkley for the governorship of Kentucky.

The Robert Tyler Chapter will meet with Mrs. Dr. H. E. Pether Jan. 12. All members are requested to be present.

How To Give Quinine To Children.

PREPARE the tasteless name given to an improved Quinine. It is a Tasteless Syrup, pleasant to take and does not disturb the stomach. Children take it and never know it is Quinine. Also especially adapted to adults who cannot take ordinary Quinine. Does not nauseate nor cause nervousness or ringing in the head. Try it the next time you need Quinine for any purpose. Ask for Quinine original package. The name PREPARE is blown in bottle. 25 cents.

Courier's Home Circle

There is no power of love so hard to keep as a kind voice. A kind hand is deaf and dumb. It may be rough in flesh and blood, yet do the work of a soft heart, and do it with a soft touch. But there is no one thing so much needed as a sweet voice to tell what it means and feels, and it is hard to get it and keep it in the right tone. The must start in youth, and be on the watch night and day, at work and while at play to keep a voice that will speak at all times the thought of a kind heart. You often hear boys and girls say things at play with a quick, sharp voice, as if it were the snap of a whip.

If any of them get vexed you will hear a voice that will sound as if it were made up of a snarl, a whine and a bark. Such a voice often speaks worse than the heart feels. It shows more ill will in tone than in words. It is often in mouth that one gets a voice or a tone that is sharp and stings up all will and grief and falls like a drop of gall on the sweet joys of home. Such as these get a sharp home voice for use and keep their best voice for those they meet elsewhere just as they would save their best cakes and pies for their guests and all their sour food for their own board. We would say to all boys and girls, Use your best voice at home. Watch it by days as a pearl of great price, for it will be worth more to you in the days to come than the best pearl hid in the sea. A kind voice is a lark's song to hear at home. It is to the heart what light is to the eye.

The command, be diligent in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord, is for every day in the week right in our homes. It is the steady, every day diligence, doing each day the work of that day that tells.

With the coming of spring come the ring of the school bells. They bring serious thought to many—those who last year gathered up their books and said goodbye to teachers and pupils, with a little sigh for the past are again reminded of the partings, that for them these bells mean only memories. But to the little ones who have reached six, how important these first days, they can scarcely wait for the sound that calls them to new life, they go blithely enough, even the timid ones.

To the mothers of these little beginners, how much it all means, they feel their darlings slipping away, going from their all-sheltering home into the first step of independent life. There are so many evils that beset the way, companionship of those less carefully trained, hard places to be gone over, trials very real and dreadful to shrinking childhood. It is not strange that mothers should look longingly and tearfully at her dear child just setting forth, all eagerness and interest in the first day at school, and as the mother turns into the home to her duties of the day, it is not strange it is with a little sigh for days that are no more; her baby is gone.

This is our receipt for home happiness. Who will give us a better one? Love, peppered with patience, salted with snuggly dampened with discretion, crowded with cheerfulness, showered with sunshine, tintured with trust, flavored with forgiveness, freighted with frankness, charged with confidence, completed with contentment, heroic and hopeful.

Married couples would be happier if home troubles were kept within the four walls of the home, if each would remember that the other was a human being, and not an angel, and if husbands and wives would sometimes remember that they were once sweethearts and lovers and should be so always.

Young men, there is one thing you cannot do. You cannot make a success in life unless you work. Older men than you have tried it and failed. You cannot beat around the street corner, snuggle in tell stories and sponge on someone else without making a failure of life. You must learn a trade.

Those of our citizens, who had the pleasure of hearing the recital by the Bolander Orchestra at our Redpath Chautauque last fall, will regret to learn that Miss Bolander (the belle of the ladies in the organization), that splendid violinist and talented musician, died at Valparaiso, Ind., on Sept. 8th.

BEST
GROCERIES
Phone 4 C. H. Moore

or get into some honest business. If you don't you will become a extreme loafer, and there is no place in the world for loafers. The ripe fruit is at the top of the tree and you must climb if you get it or some smart man will pluck it from you. Do something no matter how small or low the wages, it will be a starter. Help yourself and others will help you. There is no royal road to success; will, grit and endurance are the qualities that lead to it.

We have heard a great deal in the past year about woman's mission and woman's sphere, until between two contending forces we have begun to wonder whether woman really has any right to exist on earth at all. And yet each day is proving all these assertions, grotesque and other wise, but more misnomers. While woman continues to perform much the same mission that has fallen to her lot since the world began doing it better in some cases than in others, more appreciated sometimes than others, but doing her mission and developing with the race and with the world into new opportunities, higher duties and greater privileges. It is an old teaching but one that we must constantly call to mind, that the one who does that duty which is nearest at hand is the one who accomplishes the most for the world. It is as true of classes as it is of individuals.

ANSWER THE CALL

Hickman People Have Found
That This Is Necessary.

A cold, a strain, a sudden wrench.

A little cause may hurt the kidneys.

Spells of backache often follow.

Or some irregularity of the urine.

A splendid remedy for such attacks.

A medicine that has satisfied thousands.

Is Doan's Kidney Pills, a special kidney remedy.

Many Hickman people rely on

Here is Hickman proof.

C. A. Watson, Hickman, Ky., says: "For years I had kidney complaint. I suffered from pain in the small of my back, which were more severe if I stooped or lifted. My back ached at night and in the morning, I was very lame. I became tired easily and occasionally had nervous spells. Headaches bothered me and I was subject to dizzy spells, during which there was a blurring of my sight. When I caught cold it settled on my kidneys. At such times the passages of the kidney secretions became too frequent. This was particularly annoying during the night and I was often obliged to get up several times. Learning of Doan's Kidney Pills, I procured a box at Helm & Ellison's Drug Store. Two days after using them I got great relief. After I had taken one box, I was cured."

Price 50c at all dealers. Don't simply ask for a kidney remedy—get Doan's Kidney Pills—the same that Mr. Watson recommends. Foster-Milburn Co., Props., Buffalo, N. Y. (Adv.)

J. A. Crozier, of Mound City was here last week on business.

Miss Louise Atwood returned to Louisville Saturday after spending the holidays here.

Miss Helen Fyler returned Saturday to Staunton, Va., where she is attending school, after spending the holidays here.

C. M. Reynolds returned the latter part of last week from Indianapolis, Ind., where he spent the holidays with home folks.

What's become of that network of electric railway which was to cover Western Kentucky? The last heard from it, a line was being built from Paducah to Murray.

Win Mettinee has just finished a pretty little three-room cottage on his property in the Henry Addition. He had the misfortune to lose his residence by fire about three months ago, at which time another adjoining residence burned.

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You Don't Have to Go Further
Than this Laundry to
Get Real Satisfaction

Our modern system has proven highly satisfactory large number of particular customers. No detail in our management is overlooked to obtain a certain touch of industry appreciated so highly by correct dressers.

OUR FAMILY WASHING has also proven very satisfactory to the many that have given us a trial. Our price is 10¢ per 10¢ for this work. If you desire this kind of phone us and we will have our wagon call at your door.

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We combine absolute safety with satisfactory service, and offer our depositors the most liberal treatment consistent with sound banking.

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HICKMAN MARBLE WORKS

ESTABLISHED 1884

TOM DILLON, Sr., Prop.

Successor to H. C. Lammage, deceased

Marble and Granite
MonumentsCURBING, STONE WORK OF ALL
KINDS, IRON FENCING.

Hickman, Kentucky



Pleasure and Protection

"One of the best reasons why I would not be without telephone service," writes a Georgia farmer, "is the pleasure it gives my wife and the knowledge that while I am away, she has the protection that the telephone gives."

On the farm the telephone dispels loneliness and is the means of bringing help in any emergency that may arise.

If you haven't a telephone on your farm see the nearest Bell Telephone Manager or write for our free booklet and learn how little this service costs.

FARMERS' LINE DEPARTMENT

Cumberland Telephone
and Telegraph Company

INCORPORATED.

PADUCAH, KENTUCKY.



Entertainments



An enjoyable holiday affair was the New Year's party given on Thursday evening of last week at the home of Miss Thelma Hiltner from 8:30 to 12 o'clock by the young ladies of the younger set. In the early part of the evening different games were indulged in, followed by a two course menu of cake and cream, the cream being frozen in bell shape, the color scheme of red

If you get a blue mark on your Courier it means that your subscription has expired. Sure, pay up.